

The First
New Persecution;
OR,
A TRUE
NARRATIVE
OF THE

Cruel usage of two Christians,
by the present Mayor of
CAMBRIDGE

As it was certified from thence
by an Eminent Hand,



LONDON,
Printed for G. Calvert, 1654.

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The first New Persecution :


O R,

A true Narrative

O F T H E

Cruell usage of two Christians
by the present Mayor of *Cambridge :*

As it was certified from thence by an
Eminent Hand.

N Friday, *December 23.* came
into *Cambridge*, two Nor-
thern Women, the one of
them about 50. the other a-
bout 30. years old, who went
to *Sidney-Sessex-Colledg* in *Cambridg*, and
fell into discourse with some Schollars
there, about God and Christ; the Schollars
asked them *how many Gods there were?* The
women answered, *but one God*; and told
them, *they had many that they made Gods*

of : at which the Schollars laughed and
scoffed them; the women told the Schol-
lars they were *Antichrists*, and that *their*
Colledg was a Cage of unclean Birds, and the
Synagogue of Satan. Herenpon complaint
was made to Mr. *William Pickering* Mayor
of *Cambridg*, that two women were
preaching; who immediately sent for
them by a Constable; and when they were
before him, he demanded of them, *whence*
they came, and where they lay the last night?
They answered him, *they were Strangers,*
and knew not the name of the place; but paid
for what they called for, and came away. The
Mayor asked them *what was their names?*
they answered, *their names were written in*
the book of life. Again he asked them,
What was their husbands names? they an-
swered, *they had no husband but Jesus*
Christ, and he sent them. Upon this the
Mayor was in a great rage, and thrust
them to the dore of his house, and said
they were whores, and made a Warrant
to the Constable to *whip them at the Mar-*
ket-Crosse unill the blood came. And when
the poore women heard that; they fell
down

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down on their knees, and desired the Lord
to forgive him, for he knew not what he did.
And the Mayor spake to the Constable,
and bad him see them whipt till the blood
ran down their bodics, and sent three of
his Sergeants to see it done to the pur-
pose; and 'twas done accordingly; but by
what Law no man knows; for they nei-
ther did beg or steal.

So they were led away to the Market-
Cross, crying, *The Lord Strengthen our
faith, the Lord Strengthen our faith, &c.*
And when the Executioner came, he
commanded them to put off their cloaths;
they said, *they would not, they were there;*
if he had any thing to do to them, they bad
him do it, for they would not: so immedi-
ately he stripped first one all naked to the
waste, and then the other, and put their
arms into the Whipping Post, and exe-
cuted the Mayors Warrant on them, in as
fierce and cruel a manner as could be, that
so their bodies were cut, and slashed, and
torn, as never were the bodies of any
rogues, or thieves, or whores, seen to be,
as those poor Christians were; who took
their

their punishment so chearfully, that they never whined for it, nor was their pain seen by any change of their countenance, as if there had not been any thing done to them ; and all the while they were in their punishment, they sang and rejoyced, saying, *the Lord be blessed, the Lord be praised, who hath thus strengthened and honoured us to suffer for his name sake.* And when all was done, they said to the Executioner, *If you think you have not done enough, we are here ready to suffer more for our Saviour Christ :* and then they fell down on their knees, and prayed God to forgive them, for they knew not what they had done. So being led back into the Town towards the Castle end, they exhorted all people to fear God, and not to care for men, telling the people, *this was but the beginning of the sufferings of Gods people.* So they were thrust out of the Town, no man so much as giving them a cup of cold water, that the Scripture might be fulfilled in the 129 Psalm, *The plowers plowed upon my back, and made long furrows.*

A Postscript. +

THese are to give notice to all men,
That none of the *Justices* of the
Town had any hand in this barba-
rous and unlawfull act, saving Mr. *Willi-*
am Pickering Mayor; and I hope, the
righteous Lord will cut the cords of the
wicked, and send deliverance to his peo-
ple, and make his *enemies* known, and
make them like the *grass on the house-top*;
and as these poor people sing, so doe I,
Blessed and praised be the Lord who hath
made the heavens and earth, and created
Strength and power in weakness, to him be
glory evermore, Amen.

FINIS.

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